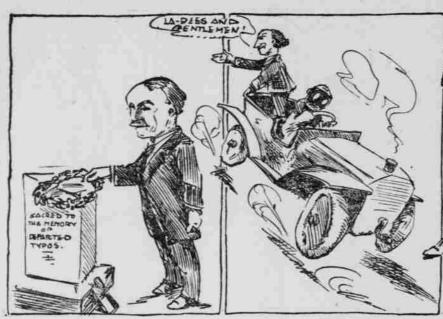
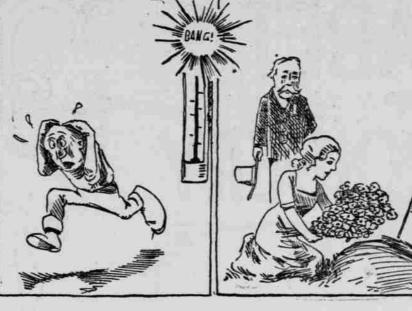
LOCAL NEWS EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK AS DEPICTED BY PARSONS

TUESDAY

RAW - RAW - 13.









Printers hold memorial services for Governor Hodges and good road eparted brothers. Boosters make flying trip.

High school seniors celebate class

Prominent grain growers call on the public utilities commission.

Another heat record blew up with a loud report,

Topeka pays its annual tribute to Civil war heroes.

Topperwein, fancy rifle shot, gives an exhibition,

THE JINKS THAT FOLLOWED THE SUNRISE-SUNSET PRESS CAR

Never again for one reporter who covered the sunrise-sunset automobile run over the New Santa Fe trail. There are too many thrills and missing heart throbs on such a trip for a news writer who was reared in the country and whose early training convinced him that a trip to the county seat in a lumber wagon or hay rack was fust about the proper rate of speed.

After arriving in Kansas City, Governor Hodges said he enjoyed the trip. The reporter slipped up the street and hunted a refreshment booth, where he tried to forget his day's experiences.

portant citizens. Both men took good care of their wards on that jump to Emporia in the morning and the passing thrills which the passengers experienced should not be charged against the records of the drivers.

Taylor Was Insulted.

Yet, right on the start, Taylor was insulted and didn't hesitate to admit it. Tearing along the sandy Reno county road at a 40-mile clip, Taylor began to warm up his car. Just as the driver was beginning to feel care free and to warm up to his passengers, he was insulted. The insult was that one of those irresponsible motorcycle Mikes shot by Taylor's car with a Nell Brinkley image hanging to the oil tank like mistletoe to a tree. Taylor didn't appreciate such conduct and he began to speed up a bit. For ten miles the speed indicator hung languidly over the 50 mark. At the Harvey county road, Taylor was signalled to give the lead to the official car. But Taylor hung just back of the cloud of dust from the big Buick machine.

The reporters were just settling back in their seets in anticlestical for

The reporters were just settling back in their seats in anticipation of an enjoyable day, when the official car waved a danger signal. Taylor was just preparing to jump his big Chalmers entirely over a cross roads. He had time to look up and see a runaway team lunging straight across the path in front of him. There isn't much time to outline a tour when you see a runaway team 50 feet ahead of see a runaway team 50 feet ahead of you. But Taylor never lessened his speed. His car leaped across the road inches in front of the runaways, missed a tall hedge fence by less than three feet and before the gasping reporters had time to put words on their lips. Taylor was preparing for a swing around a sharpe curve two miles further east.

From Halstead to Newton, the roads were wet from the rains of the pre-vious night. Taylor's car skidded and skated from one side of the road to the other, but the Hutchinson driver neither stopped for mud chains nor slackened speed. Fifteen minutes later he stopped his car on Newton's main street—58 minutes ahead of schedule.

Ate Breakfast on Run. Five minutes later the cars were body. Eight minutes were clipped off the Newton-Peabody jump. Mit Wil-hite stopped the cars in front of a hotel. A man distributed sandwiches to the tourists while Governor Hodges said a few nice words about good said a few nice words about good roads. As soon as each man and Mrs. kelley—the only woman on the trip-had grabbed a sandwich, the cars were going again and the party was eating breakfast while the drivers were ruin-ing express time for the climb over the Osage county hills.

Drivers of those cars probably never learned that there was a low gear on their machines. At least they never used it. Straight into Florence the cars flew. The engines never stopped purring as Governor Hodges, Mit Wil-hite and Ralph Faxon talked. Then there was a leaving sensertion as the there was a leaping sensation as the cars tore off down the road and left the few hundred gaping citizens wondering as to what had happened.

Up hill, down hill, over shaky bridges and dangerous looking cul-verts, through green valleys and woodlands, those speed maniacs drove the machines in their race to Cottonwood Falls. If Paul Revere had carried his message last Monday, he would have been spoken of in the same breath with Pete Newton and Harry Taylor. The Flint hill loomed straight ahead, but the cars never slowed up one bit. They the cars never slowed up one bit. They swung around a sharp curve at the base of the rough, rugged hill in a manner that made the passengers dizzy. At the roadside stood a half dozen wondering children and a stupefied father and mother. Taylor's car hit that curve at awful speed. Just as it righted itself, the riders saw less than three feet from the roadside, a little babe standing in a clump of weeds. That child's parents will never know by the number of inches their babe missed a trip to Eternity that bright

burst of speed when a connecting rod broke. The driver bdought his machine to a dead stop. Emporia motorists—some of them—sped by. The Kelley car from Hutchinson stopped to lend aid. It was necessary to tow

Arnold Some Speed Bug.

It was after leaving Emporia, though, that the newspaper boys encountered things. Frank Arnold was assigned to drive the reporters to Kansas City. Arnold is gray. Well might he be. Well might Arnold's bony hand that waved greetings to farmers that day he the grayen image of death.

the fender of the Kelley car and righted itself after missing a telephone pole by lers than a foot. Yet it all happened so suddenly that the Mitchell machine was up 'own before anyone realized that a half dozen innocent people had missed a peep into the mysterious future by the barest possible margin.

Arnold Some Speed Bug.

curve, just beyond which is a narrow concrete culvert. After it was all over the reporters testified one to another that Arnold hit that curve nothing short of 35 miles an hour. Yet all they recall is seeing that curve and culvert ahead, hearing an awful roar and climbing out of the bottom of the battered car. Arnold had hit the concrete banister of the bridge and jumped his banister of the bridge and jumped his car into a sign post, against a tree and nosed the engine into a cornfield.

That Trip to Ottawa.

One of those "first aid to the injured" buzz wagons that always follows a speed party for a few miles, arrived a few minutes later. It carried the reporters and their baggage to Olivet. There a banker with a noisy little car

der the strain but the red haired, hatless driver coaxed and petted and pleaded with the machine for the remainder of the run to Ottawa—18 miles distant.

At Ottawa the celebration was over-The band was playing its final tune on a street corner and the crowd was preparing to go home when the weary and dusty victims of the trail "cutoff" hoodoo came down the Main street-five minutes after the official car had left. It looked like a trip the rest of the way on the soft cushions of a railway There was no aid in sight, the red haired pilgrim with the Quenemo car declare, his machine couldn't stand the remaining 71 miles of the trip-and the reporters knew that he spoke the truth.

race for Kansas City. And the driver did. He sent his machine through Franklin county at a 35 mile clip, picked up seven or eight miles of speed on a better road in Johnson county and ruined all the speed ordinances ever written as he felt the firm macadam road of Wyandotte county under the wheels of his car.

While the reporters were offering thanksgiving that they were at least second in the race, the Kelley car slipped up from behind and flew past the Ottawa machine at a clip of more than 50 miles an hour. They were never caught until the cars checked in on Grand avenue a half hour later. Couldn't Dodge Thin Luck.

Then, just to be sure that the sign

Kelley machine, and Pete Newton, in charge of the official car, had made the trip without a change. Surely, the press car of a speed run is an ill fated, prodestined to encounter trouble, A likeable little chap from one of the Emporia papers, made the Emporia-Ottawa run. He was sure he was the jinks. Several times he offered to cry or to get out and walk. But the crowd stayed together and compiled a card index system of thrills and experiences that will be referred to in later years when some of these same news hunters are assigned to an endurance run.

CHAMPION SPELLER.

Boy Successful in Spelling 3,400











Nell

Just a bit of a failing it is-our most beloved weakness-to stop and smile at a baby's face. Crabbed, life-worn old manhis shuffling feet waver and halt and a smile crinkles his winter-face. Heavy, shiny old lady, her mind lost these many years in dulled things of memory and the aches of present "rheumatics"-she glows down upon the bit of pink life with a ghost of her old girlish beauty on her broad face.

missed a trip to Eternity that bright sunny morning. On up the hillside mind but a smart, soft hat and the fact that it is good to live those purring engines jerked the cars. The handsome wretch of a young chap with nothing on his

Brinkley-

in the Spring-time-he slows his lively feet long enough to flash down an admiring grin, mutter "Keen little beggar," and

go off with an odd stirring in his mind of a latent dream. The chic little peach of a girl with a dream of a chapeau atop her curls, a hint of rouge on her cheekbones, taking her abbreviated little steps in tight swathed silk, stops dead, digs her smooth white fists in her hips and stays a very long time -her mouth curved in sudden sweetness-a brooding understanding in her eyes, lost in what is probably her first unconscious pose that day.

A slim aristocrat, airing her toy-dog, lingers with pretty

Says-

dragging feet, her face a mixture of half-delight, half-envyand all sadness. I imagined I caught the glimmer of tears in her fine eyes-but then I have a lively imagination-maybe it was the sun-or I WANTED to see them there. And up at the top of the curving park walk—the big blue "cop" beams down

at the little mother and the slow-moving white baby carriage. He cannot see that far what's in it, but he knows it's the keenest thing ever and his heart pulls that way all by itself! Just a beloved weakness of ours—to show our naked souls in our eyes-to slow our busy feet-to smile-when we see a